

# sunshine

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUTH



JULY 1980

RS. 1.50



# sunshine

**YOUTH MONTHLY WITH A WORLD VIEW  
FOUNDED IN 1954**

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**JULY 1980**

## **PURPOSE**

This Asian Youth Monthly is sponsored by the Children's Sunshine Concerns, a registered Non-profit educational Public Trust organized to ensure the all-round welfare of youth and to promote international understanding. SUNSHINE, founded in 1954, aims at fostering among boys and girls, 12-17, a democratic attitude, the service-above-self ideal, a sense of national unity and a world outlook. It also provides them with general knowledge, citizenship training, hints on efficiency and growing up, and appealing English language practice—all the pleasant way. It seeks to serve their age-equals abroad as a dependable bridge of friendship, and to meet the needs and interests of youth everywhere by giving them literature that is educative, edifying and entertaining.

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**JUNE 1980**

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## **OUR COVER**

The Olympics begin under the shadow of controversy. Let us know what you think about it. See p. 16 for this month's **Think & Write**.

July, 1980

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# STRETCH THOSE MENTAL MUSCLES!

**A**s this Editorial is being written, the results of last year's high school exams are appearing in the newspapers. The first few rankers this year have over 90%! This is an impressive score indeed, for you know how difficult it is to score good marks in many subjects. We congratulate these students for their hard work and careful preparation.

But more important than the marks, what do they, and the thousands of other young people who have just finished school take with them when they leave their school walls? We are sure they have accumulated a lot of facts, but have they acquired the **knowledge** to use them?

You may have learned a lot of facts and skills, whether you are in Standard V or Standard X, but they will be quite useless unless you know **how** and **when** to use them. If faced with an examination question, for instance, the **knowledgeable** student will think about which facts to present first; he will not mindlessly repeat everything that he has learned about the subject. The student who frantically writes everything down may hope to get more marks, but the examiner, unfortunately, will not be impressed. His opinion will be that the student has a very cluttered mind, and will never, in any situation, figure out what is the right solution. In short, he finds that this student cannot **think** for himself.

It is very important to learn how to think for yourself and help yourself to learn on your own. You will not always be going to

school or college or have a teacher constantly by your side. So we hope you have learned how to keep up and cope with the new knowledge that is constantly being added to what there already is, in every sphere. This is where you will need reading skills and comprehension (understanding) skills the most.

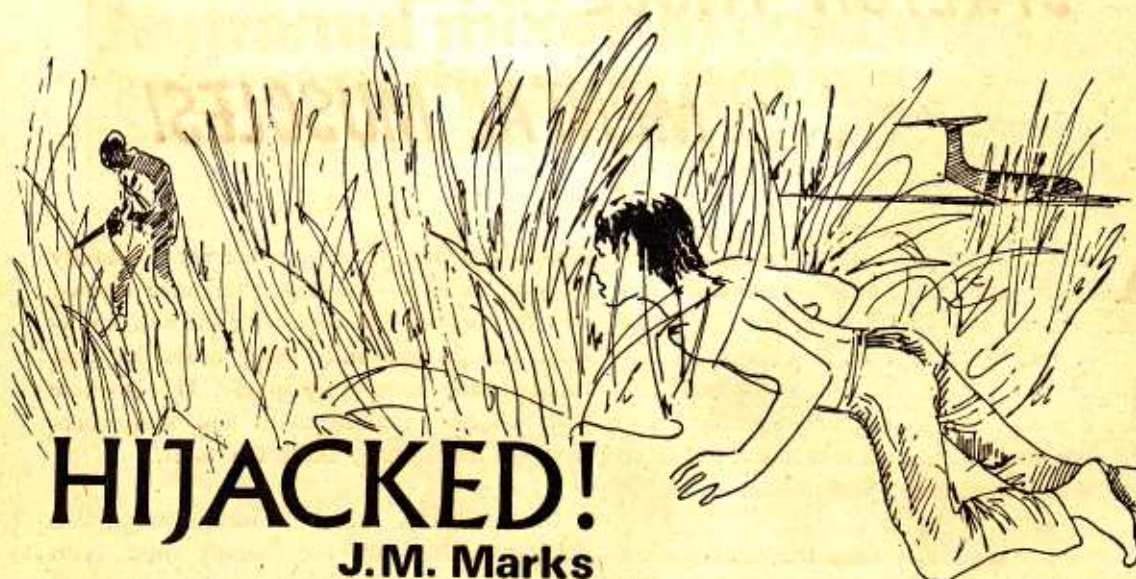
Unfortunately, recent research shows that Indian children are not gaining these skills from their schools. International comparisons show that the typical Indian child falls even below the typical Iranian (and far behind the typical Chinese) in his or her ability to understand what he reads or to draw simple conclusions from the facts provided. This is due mainly to the lack of practice in reading and an inability to comprehend what is read. Reading of comics and of film magazines makes the situation worse, for it merely fills your mind with junk without stretching your mental muscles.

Reading **good** books and magazines is the first step to helping yourself. (Read the article on Reading for Pleasure in our August issue to help you get into the habit). In fact, SUNSHINE is produced to help you stretch your mental muscles, to sharpen your thinking power—the Think & Write, the Quizzes and Contests, the articles and stories. Give it a try.

Now that you are starting your new School Year, why not pledge yourself to read SUNSHINE regularly, and to read at least one good book a month?

—YOUR EDITOR





Ten forty-six this time'. The man on the shore put the stop-watch back in his overcoat pocket. 'You're slowing down'. He looked at the boy resting on his hands and knees in the shallows, wet skin steaming in the cold air. 'You've been at it long enough, Jason. Come on, we'll get home and wash off that salt water'.

'One thing about this training in the winter', continued Jason's father, looking out over the empty beach and the grey waters of the bay, 'you've the whole place to yourself—nothing else but a few fishing junks'. He cocked an eye upwards at the heavy sound of a jet. 'You'll be on one of those tomorrow. How d'you feel about going back to school?'

'All right'. 'Though the Christmas holidays are so short.'

'This Easter term's going to be a busy one for you,' his father went on. 'Your first "O" levels coming up—and this Southern Championship!'

'It's not the Championship itself, Dad.' 'That's in May. This is just to get selected for special training.'

'I can remember when you thought your junior school form races were the summit of everything!'

Jason smiled to himself. His father didn't really understand—but at least he was letting him go back a few days early in time for the all-important elimination heats this coming Saturday—a week today.

'Come along', said his father. 'Keep moving, or you'll stiffen up and catch a cold.' The two of them jogged up on to the road, climbed into the car and drove home to their stone bungalow looking back over the China Sea.

'There's one thing about Hong Kong,' remarked his father, switching on the headlights as they turned into the short drive, 'it may get cold but it's never quite freezing—just right, really, and a nice change from summer. Makes the year bearable.'

The lights in the bungalow were just being switched on and Jason saw the welcoming glow of a fire. 'Tea and toast', called his mother. 'You two'll be starving! You know,' she said to Jason, as she passed him the strawberry jam, 'two training sessions a day are too



much. I don't know what the school will make of you when you get back. You've never taken swimming so seriously before! Why don't you just stick to swimming in the school baths?

'I'm all right, Mum,' he said defensively, really I am—and training at sea, where there's a bit of choppy water, is twice the use of going up and down the baths, especially for the fifteen hundred metres!

'Well, I don't know.' She spoke with resignation. 'I think you swim too much, and it's a shame to cut your holidays short. You'll be going back days before the others!' She sighed. 'However, at least your appetite's none the worse.'

'He eats like a sea-horse!' chuckled Andrew.

Butter-knife in hand Jason paused and shot a scornful look across the table at his younger brother rocking from side to side at his own joke. 'Haven't noticed you exactly dying of starvation!' quipped Jason.

'That's enough, you two.' Edgar Wright looked at his sons thoughtfully. They got on pretty well together, considering the four years that separated them, but it wasn't their occasional arguments that was occupying his mind—it was this new fetish of Jason's, this craze for swimming. The boy was certainly a remarkable swimmer for his age—but he was taking it too seriously—passionately, almost! Last summer he'd been full of the Olympics, and now he even seemed to have ambitions in that direction—what young swimmer wouldn't? But to talk, as the boy had done, of making a career of swimming—Edgar Wright frowned—that would be quite the wrong course for Jason. Daydreams were all very well, even at fourteen, but there were more important things to think about.

The next morning was raw and gusty with wind, with sudden bursts of rain splattering against the windows so fiercely that the casements rattled. 'We're not finished with the typhoons yet,' remarked Mr. Wright as they

sat down to their porridge. 'Looks as if we'll get the tail end of Typhoon Agnes after all. You'll miss it though,' he said to Jason, 'no typhoons where you're going.'

'But wasn't it heading out to sea?' Mrs. Wright looked round as the wind drove rain in crooked paths across the glass. 'It's been on the move for days!'

'It came down the Formosa Strait past Taiwan and should have turned out to sea again, but didn't. Just as well the new tunnel's been completed—the harbour'll be choppy for the ferry this morning.' He finished up his cup of tea and rose from the table. 'We'll be off then. Got everything?'

He warmed up the car, backed it round, Jason swung his suitcase into the back, his mother and Andrew climbed in and, wind-screen wipers working busily, they turned out of their drive and joined the stream of cars heading for downtown Hong Kong. Once through the new tunnel to the mainland and past the traffic of Kowloon they reached Kai Tak, its long peninsula of runway busy with jets of the world's airlines. Parking the car they hurried to the airport buildings.

The airport lounges were crowded with, it seemed, every nationality under the sun, and the business at the long reception desks went on in a dozen languages, from Swahili to Cantonese.

Once checked in at reception Jason stood with his parents waiting for the call to the departure lounge. They talked together till Jason's flight number was called. 'Well good-bye, Mum—' he kissed his mother, shook hands formally with his father and gave his brother's hair a friendly rump. 'See you.'

'I'm always uneasy till he's reached Heathrow, (London airport)' confessed his mother, as she watched Jason through the glass partition of the departure lounge.

'Don't be—these VC 10s are very reliable. Don't look so concerned! This time tomorrow he'll be with his uncle in Hampshire, talking to him about swimming!'



## Who Makes The Movie?



# THE DIRECTOR OR THE STAR?

by MYRON J. PEREIRA

LET me begin with a saying of Hitchcock, one of the greatest cinema directors ever: "The actor (said Hitchcock) should be completely pliable in the director's hand. He should let the director do whatever he wants with him. I don't care for acting. I don't care for subject matter. What I do care for is those little pieces of film which I edit..."

Now let the following anecdote give you another point of view: Dom Moraes, the writer, tells how he found himself in a tiny village somewhere in Russia, where he was introduced to the people around as coming from India. "Ah, India is a great country," said an old

man in the crowd, "I will never forget one of the greatest Indians I have seen..."

"Gandhi?" suggested Moraes helpfully.

"No—no, not Gandhi." The old man shook his head.

"Then perhaps Nehru—?"

"No—no—!"

Moraes was wondering which other 'great Indian' this Russian peasant might have seen, when the old man's face creased in smiles.

"Kapoor!" he exclaimed, "Raj Kapoor. He is a great actor indeed!"

Who makes the movie—the director, or the star? The question isn't all that easy, and there's more than one right answer!

How do most of us choose to see a movie, for instance? Usually our decision is based on whether our favourite actors (or actresses)



feature in it. That usually makes up our minds. So it may be convincingly argued that a 'star cast' guarantees a 'house full' every show. Amitabh Bachchan, Amjad, Rekha and Hema Malini are sure box-office hits, as much as Dustin Hoffman, Jane Fonda and Marlon Brando are abroad. Another thing: certain movies always remain our favourites because our favourite stars acted in them. What would **Bobby** be without Rishi Kapoor? Or **Romeo and Juliet** without Olivia Hussey? or (for the older among us) **Gone with the Wind** without Vivien Leigh and Clark Cable?

Still: however much stars may 'make' a movie today, in the beginning things were not always so. In the early days of cinema the Studio System reigned supreme (especially in the United States, which has always maintained a lead in these matters). The film studio was like a factory which turned out films regularly, and presiding over the whole complex band of technicians, artists, maintenance crew and accountants was one man—the **Producer**. The producer was the final authority. He okayed the first draft of script, he screen-tested the actors, he supervised the shooting, he oversaw the final cutting. Almost all the producers of those giant studios were men to be reckoned with—David Selznick, (who discovered Vivien Leigh), Darryl Zanuck (of 20th Century-Fox), Jack Warner, and Cecil B. DeMille who excelled in religious blockbusters. The coming of television slowly drove the studios out of business, though in our own country the studio system is quite alive and well. Who has not heard of Nagi Reddy, Ramesh Sippy and Raj Kapoor?

Somewhere in the early sixties, there appeared a new force on the cinema horizon, which challenged both the studio system as well as star appeal. The challenge came mainly from European film-makers, who started making low-budget films, using unknown actors, trying out novel techniques—and the films succeeded



marvellously! This phenomenon called the 'new wave' heralded the rise of the **director** as the chief of operations in cinema (In the studio system he was merely an employee hired by the producer). France rode the crest of the 'new wave', and the names of her film-makers Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Chabrol, Francois Truffaut and Robert Bresson—are known to every cinema buff. But there were others too: Sweden's Ingmar Bergman, Spain's Luis Bunuel, Italy's Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni. In India, our greatest director is a contemporary of these: Satyajit Ray, the Bengali film-maker. With Ray, we may also include Mrinal Sen and Shyam Benegal.

The actor, the producer, the director—each one 'makes' the movie in his particular fashion and leaves his stamp upon the whole. A movie is not made just by one person, like writing a book. It's a complex team operation. As we go over briefly each stage in the making of a film perhaps we can get some idea of the contribution of each.

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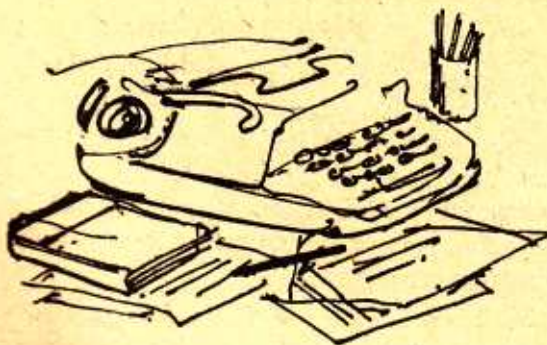
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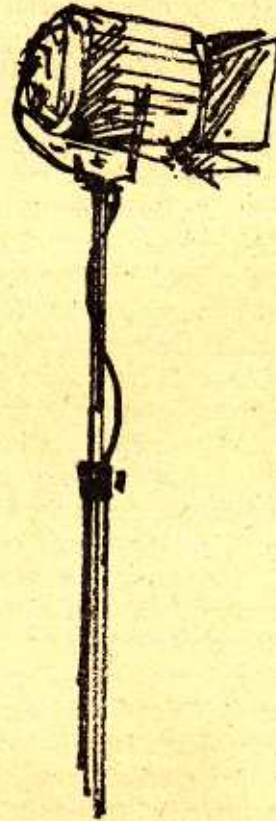
Every film begins on paper. As old-fashioned as this may sound, it is nonetheless true. When a director (or producer) gets an idea for a film, he calls in a writer to prepare him a script.

A **script** (also called a **screenplay**, or **scenario**), just like a novel or a play, must have a unity. That is, it must have a beginning, a middle and an end. It must deal with characters which are believable, and use dialogue which appears real. Note: The characters need not be actual, but they must **seem** to be so. If they do not appear this way, the spectators will not identify them, and the film will flop. Similarly, the dialogue must **seem** real. In real life our conversations are often very repetitious and boring, and no one wants to hear that on the screen. By contrast, screen dialogue is always compact and to the point, and—where necessary—witty and hilarious.

A **script-writer's** job is to prepare such a screenplay that the director can compose his visuals from what has been written. This is why a director often works closely with his script-writer. In a novel, descriptions of a scene may span two or three pages; a director can reveal the same scene in a single shot. Or a character may be drawn out in several chapters, whereas the film director needs no more than one or two typical situations. A film doesn't need verbal descriptions. Much, much can be said through gestures, action and facial expression.



Once a script is ready, the director breaks the script down (or "blocks" it) for shooting. In this he usually works with his camera crew and his set designers. Although the director has visualised the whole film in his mind, and will himself guide the cast, he needs the trained assistance of his **cameraman** in terms of



lighting (whether indoor or outdoor), distance/closeness to the subject, kinds of camera angles and lenses to be used. (See the next article in this series, "What The Camera Sees").

The **set designer** (or **art director**, as he is also called) contributes much to creating the proper atmosphere for the film. He oversees the locale for shooting (outdoor scenes can cause a lot of problems), the set design,



and plans the costumes and the make-up (usually the big stars have their own wardrobe and their personal make-up artists) and the furnishings for each set. He must work with the director in creating a visual motif which will symbolise the mood and feelings of the script.

In this context the **music director** is important, too. Music, especially songs, can capture the feeling of the film like nothing else. Usually the music is composed independently and later edited into the film at the appropriate sequence. This is specially true of the songs sung by the stars in Hindi cinema: they are specially recorded by playback singers and synchronised into the body of the movie later.



Shooting a movie is not completed in one day, but may often span many months with interruptions in between. Therefore the task of the **script supervisor** (also called the 'continuity girl') is very important, too. She acts as a secretary to the director, reminding him to shoot all the scenes and the angles he had planned. She keeps a detailed record of whatever was shot for the film editor. Before each shot is taken, it is "slated", that is, a clapperboard is held up into the camera frame and the number of the shot is clearly marked on it (the number is also called out on the microphone). Back in the editing room, the editor looks over the "rushes" (unedited film rolls) and fits them together accordingly.

The **film editor's** job only begins when the shooting is over, though he may well rank second only to the director in the overall production of the film. Films are never shot in the sequence we see them. The first shot may be the last in the story; the interiors may all be done in rotation, though they will be separated by exteriors in the final version, and so on. The editor puts all the pieces together. He must make the action sequences move quickly, insert the close-ups where they have

greatest impact, and pad in long stretches of dialogue with reactions, interesting angles and other visual symbols. He puts in the mood music, the sound effects and edits the dialogue. He makes the changes from scene to scene credible. He gives pace to the film as a whole. The writer has visualised the film and the director has executed it, but the film editor brings it out in the final cut of the movie he handles.

\* \* \*

Have we left out anyone from this rapid summary of the operation of film-making? Yes, we have! We have spoken much about the men and women **behind** the sets and the cameras, but nothing at all about those who play **in front** of the camera—the **actors!**

The actor is the true artist. His contribution is essential to the making of a successful film. Although a few eminent directors have created masterpieces with relatively unknown players, by and large a film stands or falls according to the dramatic portrayal of its cast. A Hitchcock or a Satyajit Ray can work with

over



any star at all, true; but even they had their favourites, actors who gave polished performances when they knew they were working with a master.

Restraint is the first thing an actor must learn when he's on camera. Theatre actors have to project their voices and their gestures to reach a large multitude from a small stage; cinema actors, on the other hand, have a camera that can catch every nuance of expression in close-up. They don't need to exaggerate. The camera can make up for their deficiencies.

What actors really fear is that once they become successful in a particular role, they get typecast—that is, a producer will not allow them to play anything except their successful box-office character. Gary Cooper could play other than cowboy roles, but his westerns made money and so he was stuck with them. Similarly, Amitabh seems to be stuck with being a violent young man on the Hindi screen.

Rudolph Valentino bitterly resented the system which always cast him as the "great screen lover", for he was a superb artist of pantomime and could have filled in many other roles in the silent movies.

Possibly, it's neither the director nor the actor who makes the movie, but the large mass we call the public. After all cinema is a mass entertainment, and when the masses demand something film producers and artists are only too eager to comply. What the masses like isn't always good, clean or subtle cinema; more often they want adventure, crime, suspense—the more bloodthirsty, the better! "The more successful the villain, the more successful the picture," Hitchcock once quipped shrewdly. James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Pran and Amjad Khan can't help but agree.

#### NEXT ARTICLE:

#### WHAT THE CAMERA SEES

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## Things To Do

1. See two movies in which your favourite star acts. Compare his (her) roles in each. Are they similar? Is he cast to type? How? Are they different? What are the strong points of each character he plays?
2. Here's something more for your scrapbook. Make a series of lists—

all the film comedians you know  
all the film villains  
all the glamour girls in the movies;  
all the film monsters, and so on.

Wherever possible cut and paste pictures (or movie ads) in which the names on your list feature.

3. Take clippings of all the big studio emblems you can find, and make a collage in your scrapbook, (e.g. a lion for M-G-M, a mountain for Paramount etc.)
4. The next time you go to the pictures pay special attention to the list of credits flashed on the screen before the movie starts. Are there any credits listed which haven't been mentioned in the article?



# sunshine EAGLE FLASK QUIZ CONTEST



## Olympics

- I. a) How did the name 'Olympics' originate?  
b) When was the first recorded Olympics held?  
c) Have they been held regularly since then?  
d) Baron Pierre de Coubertin's name is closely linked with the Olympics. Why?
  - II. a) What do the 5 rings on the Olympic Flag mean?  
b) What is the Olympic motto?  
c) What does the Olympic flame symbolize?
  - III. How did the Marathon race get its name?
  - IV. Besides the Moscow Olympics have there been any other Olympics in 1980?
  - V. Here are some Olympic heroes. At which Olympics and in what sport did they excel?
1. Mark Spitz
  2. Wilma Rudolph
  3. Shane Gould
  4. Lasse Viren
- VI. a) Match the Olympic Sportsman with his Sport.
- | Sportsman              | Sport            |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Paavo Nurmi         | Track and Field  |
| 2. Kornelia Ender      | Triple Jump      |
| 3. Jim Thorpe          | Distance running |
| 4. Fanny Blankers-Koen | Swimming         |
| 5. John Weismuller     | Shot Put         |
| 6. Alberto Juantorena  | Swimming         |
| 7. Viktor Saneev       | Track and Field  |
| 8. Udo Beyer           | Track and Field  |
- b) From which country did each hail?
  - VII. a) Name the major countries that have boycotted the Olympics.  
b) Why have they done so?  
c) Is there an alternate sports meet for these countries?

Send your answers to these questions on a separate sheet together with the coupon. Three lucky all-correct winners get Eagle Flasks. Upto 4 points will be awarded on merit to the rest of the winners.



### SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK CONTEST

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# SPORTS

I. a) What's the name? Underline the correct name in each case. b) Write a brief note on each Name that you have underlined.

i) He was the winner of the Danish and Swedish Badminton titles this year: Svend Pri, Padukone, Derek Talbot, Morten Frost-Hansen.

ii) He is the world's best all-rounder in cricket: Sunil Gavaskar, Imran Khan, Ian Botham.

iii) He is the superstar football player of Brazil: Alberto Tostao, Pele.

iv) She is to date the most excellent Russian gymnast: Nadia Comaneci, Ludmila Turisheva, Olga Korbut.

a & b) i) Padukone This 24 year old Union Bank Officer has completed a superb hat-trick in Badminton this year by winning the Swedish, Danish and All-England championship. The All-England championship was won without dropping a single game.

Prakash who has won the Indian National Championship nine times, started playing Badminton at the age of seven. He was National Junior Champion and has won the Commonwealth Championship held at Edmonton Canada.

In the second World Cup Championship held at Jakarta in May '80 Prakash lost to Hadiyauta in the Quarter Finals.

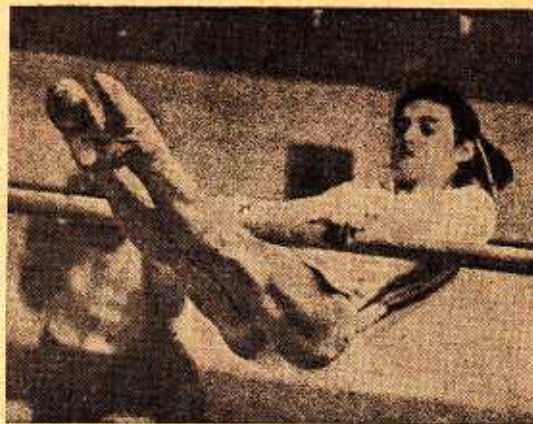
ii) Ian Botham is today considered the greatest all-rounder in cricket. He was born in 1955 and made his Test debut in 1977, when the English Team played against Australia. In little more than two years at the top this 24-year-old dynamo achieved the Test double of 100 wickets and 1,000 runs faster than any man in history. And his full Test tally today is: 25 games, 1,336 runs, highest score of 137, six hundreds, average 40.48 Plus 139 wickets at an average of 18.52 with a test performance of 8 for 34.



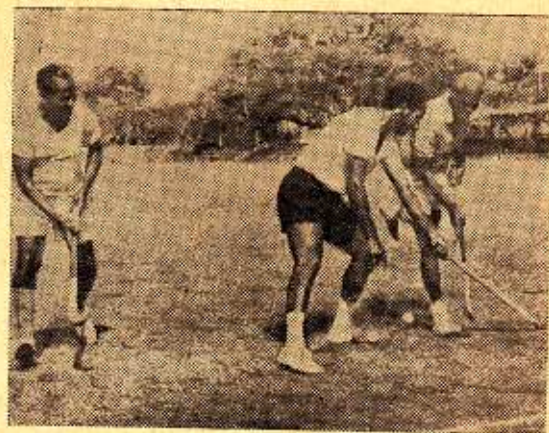




**Pele**



**Nadia  
Comaneci**



**Dhyhan Chand (extreme left)**

iii) **Pele** is known throughout the world as 'The King, The Emperor, the Prince of World Football.' Pele was born and grew up in Southern Brazil. At 16 years he turned into a professional football player and at 18 shot into world fame by his brilliant performance in the 1958 World Tournament in Sweden. In 1,254 games, Pele scored an incredible 1,216 goals!! His genius lies in his ability to manoeuvre perfectly the ball, using his feet, head and shoulders to the best advantage to break through his opponents.

iv) **Nadia Comaneci** was the super gymnast of the 1976 Olympics. The world cheered for the 14-year-old Nadia who amassed seven perfect scores! There had never before been a perfect score (ten out of ten) in Olympic gymnastics. Spectators were enchanted by her flawless performances. She was awarded the Women's All-Round gold medal.

II. a) Name 2 prominent figures in the world of Indian sports who have recently passed away. b) Give a brief sketch of their careers.

a) Dhyhan Chand, Neville De Sousa

b) **Dhyhan Chand** is known as the **Wizard of Hockey**. Spectators were constantly amazed at the extraordinary skill and precision with which Dhyhan Chand wielded the stick and dribbled his way to the goal. He is also remembered for his fine qualities of modesty and sportsmanship.

In 1928 Dhyhan Chand was a member of the Indian Olympic team which won the gold

➡ over



medal. In 1932 and 1936, Dhyan Chand and his brother Roop Singh helped India retain the gold medal. In 1932, India defeated Japan 11-1 in the first match and later trounced U.S.A. 24-1—still a record score in international hockey.

After he retired Dhyan Chand served Indian hockey as a coach, for national coaching and training camps.

Neville De Sousa passed away suddenly in mid-March this year. He was one of the few greats in Indian soccer. He was a phenomenal shooter and clever player who played the star role in games in India and abroad. He played for India in the 1956 Olympics.

Hundreds of school boys have benefited from Neville's coaching, and listeners from all over India are familiar with his football and hockey commentaries over All India Radio.

### III. The world has just mourned the passing of a great American athlete. Who is he? Why will he be remembered?

Jesse Owens who died in April this year is remembered as the greatest Olympic athlete of all times. He was a marvellous sprinter and long jumper. He set a long-jump standard that



#### THINK & WRITE

### The Olympic Boycott —is it justified?

**In not more than 600  
words give us your views  
on this issue.**

Uptil 8 Points will be awarded.

**Last date:** August 20

lasted 25 years; a 60-year dash record that lasted 40. In 1935, in the U.S.A., when he was recovering from a painful back injury, he set three world records and tied a fourth—all within 45 minutes. It was a breathtaking feat, but merely a prelude to his participation in the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin.

In Berlin he first won the 100-meter dash in 10.3 seconds, a record that was unbroken for 25 years! He also set a world record in the 200 meter dash—this record lasted for 16 years! Next he ran on the U.S. 400 metre relay team that set a world record; and then, he won the running broad jump setting yet another world record!!

With these stupendous feats, Owen had exploded Hitler's theory of the White "master race". Hitler, who presided over the Games,



scorned Owens and his black teammates as "America's black auxiliaries", and refused to shake hands with Owens because of the colour of his skin.

**IV. a) What does the word judo mean? b) what is the motto of judo? c) Who is better rated—a black belt or a white-belt?**

a) **Judo** means "the gentle way". The aim of Judo is mainly self-defence. It is a scientific art and comparatively harmless. It is even widely practised by women. The Japanese believe that Judo builds up not only physical courage but spiritual and mental powers, "a mind as natural as running water...free, right and pure." It is thus supposed to make man not only more athletic but also more complete.

b) The motto is: **Maximum efficiency with minimum effort.**

c) **Black Belt**

**V. Match the terms with the appropriate games:**

Terms	Games
Sudden Death	Boxing
Putting	Cricket
Fosbury Flip	Hockey
Yorker	Golf
Tackle	Badminton
No-ball	Tennis
Deuce	Cricket
Rabbit-punch	Football
Googly	High jump
Deuce	Cricket

Sudden death—Hockey; Putting—Golf; Fosbury-Flip—High jump; Yorker—Cricket; Tackle—football; No-ball—cricket; Deuce—badminton; Rabbit punch—boxing; Googly—cricket; Deuce—tennis.



7 (Hijacked)

For a moment or two Mrs. Wright did not reply, but stood gazing absently at the line of passengers queueing to have their passports examined and their luggage inspected. There were Indian and Pakistani businessmen, two Koreans, several Chinese, a Malay wearing a smart black songkok in contrast to his European suit, a pair of English children in charge of the stewardess, Europeans dressed in warm clothes and carrying overcoats in preparation for the January weather of Heathrow, and a group of Japanese—three men in neat grey suits and two women in traditional kimono and obi, their long black hair carefully arranged in smooth buns. It was this group that drew Mrs. Wright's attention, and she pointed them out to her husband: "They look so much nicer in traditional dress, don't they, Edgar? Those kimonos are really attractive."

"Indeed they are". He smiled. "But those young women still haven't forgotten to put on modern powder and paint!"

"Nonsense—they've hardly any! And, besides, it helps when one's travelling—they're probably worried about flying, poor things. Look how solemn they are!"

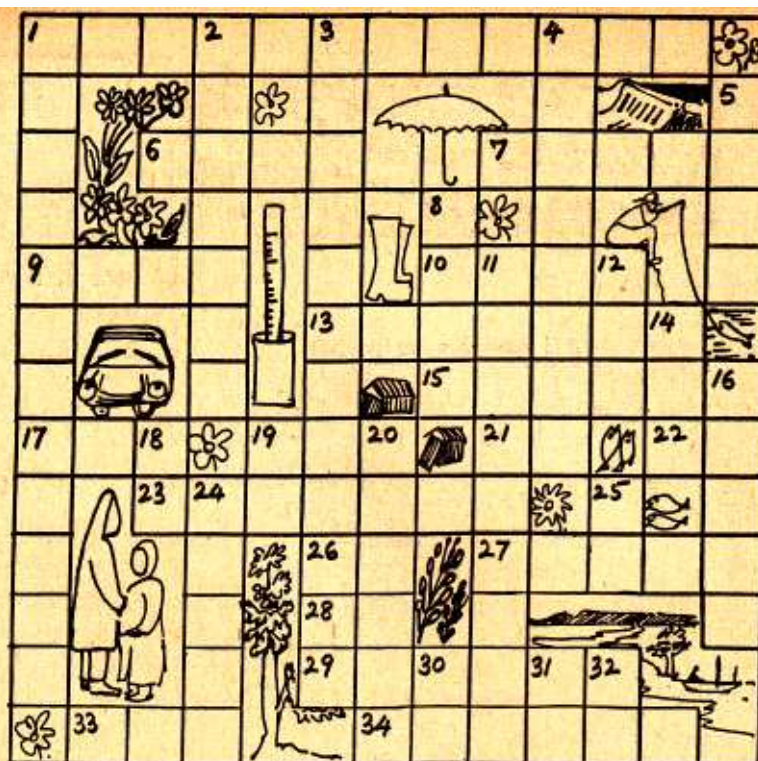
"Ah, there's Jason now, by the passport desk." He waved and Jason, catching the movement, turned and waved back, then moved on to be checked.

As soon as their passports had been examined, they were ushered towards the electronic metal detector and their hand luggage searched. "Everything metal to be shown, please—everything metal." The call was repeated and waiting his turn Jason watched as the passengers produced watches, key rings, cigarette cases, coins, trinkets, nail-clippers, powder compacts, manicure sets, a baby transistor radio. At last all were through and then came the call to the aircraft.

25



# CROSSWORD



## CLUES ACROSS

1. Wet those urns spell the direction of the monsoon (12)
6. Beast maybe assists (5)
7. What the listener does (5)
9. An observance that tire perhaps (4)
10. Of hope she is partly ashamed (4)
13. Men sail as household servants (7)
15. Tarzan lingo for elephant! (6)
17. Metal can (3)
19. Pasture land mixed drink (3)
21. Mechanical transport briefly (2)
22. I for a monarch (2)
23. (See 18 Down)
26. & 30 Down. Rego could be a man-eating giant (4)
27. Arrul spins of the country (5)
28. Prefix to National Highway numbering (2)
29. The sprite perhaps of the tiger shown on its skin (6)
33. Person of great mental ability (3)
34. Shout directed to a menace maybe lately. (4, 2)

## CLUES DOWN

1. Give us liver paste in forms surpassing all others (13)
2. Let bats give you the pills. (7)
3. Walter Lemon's choice fruits for hot days (5, 7)
4. Pelt a hen for 15 Across (8)
5. Pass for snakes (4)
8. Singular trousers will cause a gasp for breath! (4)
11. Track to old Thailand (4, 5)
12. & 25. Sounds where vows are made for change (5)
14. Scatter seed for a female pig (3)
16. A letter in response (5)
18. & 23 Across. Author, hitherto unknown first (1st) meeting! (8)
19. First two of five—I Owe You the Rest (2)
20. Four score (6)
24. Spring over a cellar (5)
25. Elizabeth the Queen briefly hesitant! (2)
30. Musical note sounds a beam of light! (2)
31. & 32. Pleasure without certainty is an excuse! (4)



# Puzzles and Pastimes

(All Answers on p. 34)

## Tongue Twisters

She sewed shirts seriously.

Does this shop stock short socks with spots?

## Reversible Pairs

In each pair of words, each is the other spelled in reverse. They are all 4-letter words.

1. Final bugle call	TAPS	SPAT	A brief quarrel
2. Cooking dishes	—S	S—	Break in two loudly
3. Part around teeth	—S	S—	Self-satisfied
4. Close friends	—S	S—	Strike with an open hand
5. Hits the ball	—S	S—	Wound by cutting
6. Larger than mice	—S	S—	Small light in sky
7. Knocks	—S	S—	To box cautiously
8. Spinning toys	—S	S—	Mark or stain
9. Pinches	—S	S—	Twist into thread
10. Metal fasteners	—S	S—	A quick cut
11. Leans to one side	—S	S—	Eject from mouth
12. Cooking containers	—S	S—	Halt, pause
13. Tamed animals	—S	S—	Part of a stair
14. Seeds with hard shells	—S	S—	To shock
15. Recent events	—S	S—	A man's name
16. Cat's feet	—S	S—	To trade items



**Ingredients:** ½ cup butter

¾ cup sugar

1 egg

2 cups sifted flour

¼ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon vanilla essence

## Cookies

**Method:** In a bowl put in the butter, sugar and egg and beat well. Then mix in the flour, salt, sugar and essence. Roll into small balls; press these down on a buttered **thali** or butter paper. Bake for ten minutes at 375°.



# In Rio, The Taxis Burn Sugarcane



A sign on the taxi outside Rio de Janeiro's airport read: **Movida a Al-cool** "Driven by Alcohol." So I climbed aboard for my first ride in a gasohol powered car. "How do you like it?" shouted the cabbie above the roar of traffic as we careened toward the center of Brazil's second largest city. "I switched from plain gasoline last year and the 10 percent alcohol addition makes it run at least 15 percent better."

Today in Brazil most cars run on gasohol. It's the standard fuel for six million of them. What's more, ten percent of the new automobiles built here this year will run on straight alcohol alone. Not only is Brazil already the

world leader in "growing gasoline", but it has made this fuel its number one energy priority.

In many other countries, schemes to transform vegetation into fuel are locked in dispute. In the U.S., for instance, the federal budget for 1980 allots \$57 million for researching and developing fuel from corn and other crops, and there is plenty of support for gasohol research in the farm states. But many economists, auto manufacturers and oil men don't think the idea is all it's cracked up to be.

In Brazil, though, there is little controversy. At a time of wildly escalating oil prices, the country imports more petroleum than any other developing nation. By contrast, the alcohol it burns is all manufactured at home. Beyond that, gasohol has a good track record. So the government plans to invest \$5 billion in a national alcohol fuel program by 1985.

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From an article by Norman Myers, *International Wildlife* Jan-Feb'80



"Brazil is the first country to be moving into the post-petroleum era on this scale", an official in the Ministry of Transport proudly told me.

Already, the Volkswagen assembly plants here turn out cars with engines that can be adapted, at little extra cost, to a diet of nothing but alcohol. Last year in the Brazilian Rally, a four-day over-the-highway auto race, a Fiat 147, also made in Brazil and burning home-grown alcohol, came in fourth.

The fuel for these cars is ethyl alcohol, or ethanol, which comes primarily from sugarcane. This plant material is processed in one of two ways: either it is fermented and distilled like liquor or it is cooked in air-tight containers to produce a light crude oil. The latter method is called "pyrolysis".

It's no surprise that Brazil has taken the lead in growing gasoline. A rapidly industrializing country with 120 million people, it suffers the largest per capita foreign debt burden on earth. Its oil imports alone amount to \$4.1 billion a year. Beyond that, Brazil is endowed with all the natural resources needed to produce alcohol economically. Almost the entire country is located between the equator and the Tropic of Capricorn, where plants grow fast. This makes an energy strategy based on plant biomass "a natural for Brazil", says Jose Goldenberg, director of the Physics Institute at the University of Sao Paulo.

Brazil is already the world's largest producer of sugarcane, and now it has designated nearly 1,500 square miles in Amapa, just north

of the mouth of the Amazon River, for mass cultivation of the crop. The country is also experimenting with cassava, or manioc. This starchy tuber promises to yield twice as much alcohol per ton as does sugarcane, and it thrives in somewhat drier areas on underutilized land. In Bahia, an arid zone on the mid-Atlantic coast of Brazil, over 1,000 square miles have been earmarked for cultivating it.

In a country 3,286,488 square miles—a little smaller than the U.S.—these areas are not all that significant. Moreover, Brazil's climate, with plenty of sun and rain, makes sugarcane grow like crazy—a whopping 26 tons per acre. At that rate, a mere 600 square miles would be enough to replace ten percent of present gasoline needs. Less than three percent of Brazil's national territory would be needed to provide fuel for the country's entire vehicle population, at present about seven million cars. In addition, the two areas designated for mass cultivation of sugarcane and cassava are in localities already turned over to agriculture, so at least for now, there is no conflict with wildlife habitat.

It is obviously more efficient to grow vegetation for conversion to fuel than to chop down the world's forests for firewood. Much of the developing world now faces a serious wood shortage, which is why India, the Philippines and other countries are keeping a close watch on Brazil's brave experiment. Judging by the comments of officials, scientists, technocrats and businessmen I talked with in Brazil, the gasohol venture seems one of the best options available to poorer countries to work out of the energy crunch.





FATHER Pig was grumbling to his wife. "Just look at my hoof, it's turned in like a corkscrew! The ground is so hard I can barely dig down even an inch."

He turned round and glared at Mother Pig.

"And you, Mother, you sit on your haunches and wait for me to dig up your dinner every night. Why can't you help, after all they're all your children just as much as mine."

Mother Pig looked at her children placidly. They were a fine lot, all ten of them, sturdy and plump and healthy. All except Horace, the youngest, and he never seemed to grow no matter what she fed him. All those tender tamarind roots, specially laid aside and hidden, just for him. And, she thought a little resentfully, he's never grateful, just gobbles them up and says he's HUNGRY!

Poor Father Pig shrugged his shoulders and sighed. They were certainly a fine family, if only they didn't eat so much. Look at Horace, his Mother's pet, as if Father Pig didn't know about all the hidden tid-bits saved up for him although they never seemed to do him any good, skinny little rat. But the rest of the family were a credit to Mother Pig. She came from a long line of jungle boars, her ancestors had hunted and been hunted for generations and they were all strong and fearless, hated by the tigers and panthers who dreaded their sharp tusks and hooves that could rip open their chests in a second.

Father Pig smiled complacently to himself, remembering the first time he had seen Mother Pig as a youngster. She had been cornered by a panther in the jungles alone, as giving a very good account of herself, when Father Pig, hearing the rumpus, came along to see what was happening. There was Mother Pig, agile as a mongoose, ripping at the panther with her forefeet and jumping aside before the panther could use his terrible teeth on her. But game as she was she was tiring when Father Pig, lowering his head, charged and ripped up the side of the panther. The terrified creature after one look at Father Pig's angry red eyes slunk

# The Rain God

limping into the forest, utterly defeated.

Father Pig had bristled up in a pleasurable way when Mother Pig has simpered her thanks and a little while later they decided to set up house together. Mother Pig had been a splendid mother, producing at least eight or ten piglets every year, and Father Pig was really very proud of her. The only trouble now was that Mother was so very matronly she found it difficult to dig and preferred to sit and watch someone else do the work, usually, in fact always, Father Pig.

A cool little breeze made Father pig's whiskers quiver. He rose reluctantly, shook himself vigorously and nodded at the family.

"This evening, **everyone** has got to help in the digging," he announced in a gruff voice. Even you, Mother . . ."

Mother Pig started to protest and then changed her mind. There were ten of them, and her, and it was hard on Father Pig to expect him to dig and dig when the ground was so hard. The monsoon was still three weeks off and no sign of a storm. She sniffed a silent protest and hustled the children behind her in a long line.





by Auntie Jane

"Horace, you come right beside me," she ordered. "I know you're not very strong but I'll start off and when the ground gets softer you can use your tusks."

Horace looked a bit startled. His tusks? Even if he squinted he couldn't see them. He had a nasty feeling his days of being spoiled were nearly over. If he didn't dig he wouldn't eat and his stomach was rumbling now even before starting out. Oh dear, Oh dear, what a life for a poor weak piglet, chivvied by his Father, pushed by his Mother, scorned by his brothers and sisters because he was smaller than they were. He looked at his Mother out of the corner of his eye. Mother had her lower jaw pushed forward, a bad sign. Horace resigned himself to his fate.

"Yes, Mamma," he murmured meekly. "Here I am, all ready to dig a BIG hole. "Even (he said under his breath) if I have to use my tusks and all four feet at once!"

"Good boy!" said Mother Pig with a nod of approval. Her lower jaw receded a little.

"Hoo!" thought Horace smugly. "Even if I'm not big I've got brains!"

The convoy started off at a confident trot.

One hour later a despondent Father Pig sat down and hung his head in shame. Never in all his life had he failed to provide his family with food. But the ground was so hard he couldn't even make a dent in it and all his efforts were useless. Now what was he to do? The local farmers were on the watch, the walls were crowned with barbed wire and thorn bushes, disastrous for a pig's vulnerable stomach, the springs had dried up and the forest pools were turning into hard cracked earthen saucers.

Mother Pig rolled up and squatted down beside Father.

"You know, my dear, I really think this is the time for magic, black magic . . . do you remember that little "Jantar Mantar" shrine of my ancestors, built years and years ago? We're quite close, and I recollect when I was very small we had a year like this. We went to the shrine and thought and thought very hard and danced anti-clockwise round the shrine, and then it began to rain. It rained for hours and of course the earth became so soft we were able to dig for roots without any trouble."

Father Pig turned round and gazed at Mother Pig in horror.

"BLACK MAGIC!!!" he roared, "How could you! BLACK MAGIC! And you with a family of ten. Why they might all drop down dead in front of you! Never, never will I do such a thing!"

Mother Pig was aghast but she didn't give up.

"Father", she wheedled. "Do come, please. We won't do black magic. I promise you. Look we'll just go there and say a prayer and dance clock-wise round the shrine. Maybe I was wrong and I didn't remember it right."

Father Pig shrugged helplessly. He gave Mother Pig a nasty suspicious stare but he was so tired and his poor feet and tusks so sore that he gave in. After all, he thought to himself, a prayer and a little dance **clock-**



wise can't do any harm, and we couldn't be worse off than we are. He struggled to his feet and silently followed Mother Pig as she led the way confidently through the forest to a small cleft at the side of a gully.

"Yes," she said with a satisfied nod. "See, the shrine's still here, and it's been used, there are incense sticks and chicken feathers and things.

Now, children sit quietly while your Father and I say a prayer."

She and Father Pig knelt down in front of the tiny forest shrine and prayed fervently—

Father Pig felt something wet on his cheek. He thought it was Mother Pig crying silently and stretched out to comfort her. Another drop fell.

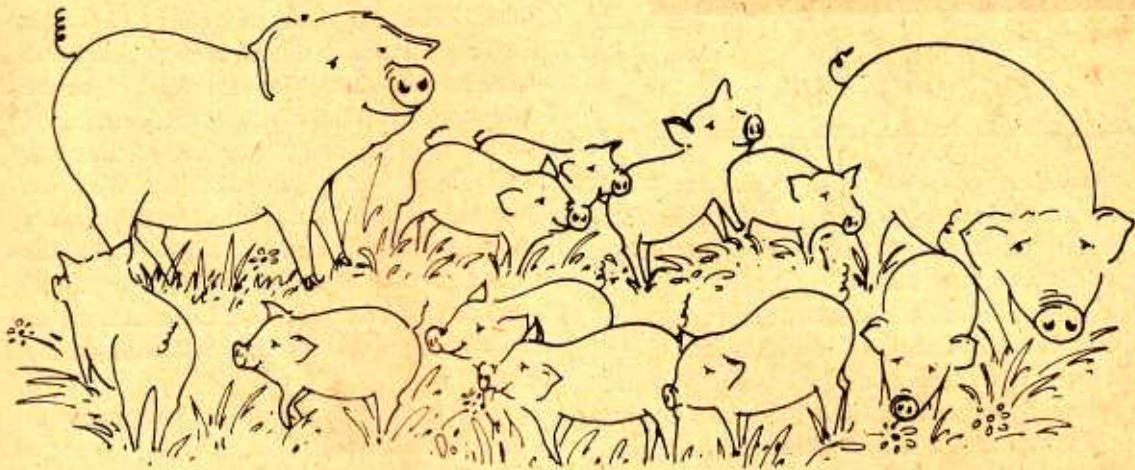
Father Pig opened his eyes.

There was mist swirling round him, it was cold, and Glory be, it was RAINING!

Father Pig jumped to his feet, shouting,

"Up, up everyone. It's raining. IT'S RAINING !!!"

Laughing and crying the piglets and their parents danced round and round the shrine (but always clockwise) and sat knowing with



**Oh, Rain God, help us in our misery...  
Send us rain and thunder and lightning...  
We shall die without your help, Oh Rain  
God**

**Listen to our prayers**

Then the ten little piglets and Father and Mother Pig danced solemnly round the shrine three times, making quite sure they were going clockwise and not anti-clockwise.

Worn out, they lay down and tried to sleep, the little ones whimpering with hunger, the older one trying to console them.

Silence . . . .

certainty that in a little while they would be able to dig up the beautiful forest roots and fill their hungry bellies till they were bursting.

Mother Pig looked at Father slyly.

"I think I've done my bit, don't you?" she remarked saucily. "No need for me to do any digging is there?"

She sank back on her haunches and patted the ground beside her.

"Horace, come here and talk to me. Your brothers and sisters will bring us our supper. You must keep your strength, you know."



As they entered the Super VC 10, parked against the high passenger pier, Jason saw that his seat was well aft—much handier for the washrooms. He also noted with relief that this flight would not be too crowded. There were hardly more than sixty passengers—an average mid-winter load. He'd be able to stretch out a bit across the empty seats.

In the seat next to the window in his row sat a middle-aged Chinese and across the central gangway were the two children he'd seen earlier.

Although used to flying, Jason still felt a tremor of apprehension as the engines revved up and take-off began. He was pressed back in his seat as the aircraft climbed, his stomach seemed to fall away with the dwindling harbour below, but soon the sharp climb levelled out, the signal for seat belts was switched off and busy movement by the stewardesses began—Breakfast! His morning porridge seemed long past. The menu card read: 'Hong Kong—Bangkok: Breakfast for Joining Passengers'. He glanced round; the stewardesses were moving up the gangway with their trolleys. He studied the menu carefully. As usual, the main difficulty was choice. There was fresh fruit appetizer, grilled Waikato ham steak, saute of kidney with mushrooms, crusty rolls, butter, croissants, jam and coffee or tea. Soon a stewardess had reached his seat and the businessman next to him, after a word or two in Chinese, settled for the ham steak and coffee. Then the girl turned smiling to Jason: 'Breakfast—what would you like?'

Jason resisted the impulse to say: 'The lot', and settled for the fruit appetizer, the ham steak, rolls and coffee.

With breakfast over, the public address system buzzed briefly then a voice said: 'Good morning: this is the Captain speaking...' He welcomed them aboard, announced their height and speed, gave the weather conditions and the estimated time of arrival in Bangkok, and wished them a pleasant journey.

It was cool, and Jason thought of his pull-over. Other passengers were reading or chatting and some were already dozing off. Next to him the middle-aged Chinese reclined his seat and lay back and was soon breathing regularly. Through the window Jason saw below them only cloud, a brilliant white. He began to realize how early he'd been up. He too reclined his seat and leant back.

He woke an hour later, glanced at his watch and remembered he'd have to spend the rest of the journey continually putting the hands back as they crossed the lines of longitude. The man beside him was still asleep. Forward the first-class cabin curtain parted, and a tall man with a fair beard, wearing four gold rings on his blue uniform sleeve, walked down the gangway greeting the passengers. He paused at Jason. 'Back to school?'

'Fraid so,' Jason grimaced politely.

'You're early—the school rush isn't usually for another week!'

'I've some swimming heats on Saturday—Southern Champion trials.'

'Good luck! By the way, is this your first trip out?'

'No. My father's in the Agricultural Department. We've been all over the place—Borneo, Malaya and now Hong Kong.'

'You're well travelled, then!' The Captain moved on with a nod and a smile and Jason settled back, thinking of the coming heats. With all that training in the chilly waters of Repulse Bay he'd have a better than average chance. Then, if he got through, there would be training for the spring regional competitions, but his thoughts moved beyond even those, and in his ears boomed the Olympic roar. If he trained steadily and built up his strength he might well manage a time of under seventeen minutes by May and make the British long-distance team before he left school—possibly even sooner. His coach, normally a silent man, was enthusiastic. Jason leant back, dreaming of the crowds, the pale green





## SCIENCE NEWS AND NOTES

### MARSH GAS—NEW FUEL

#### IN CHINA'S COUNTRYSIDE

**P**AO SU-YUAN and his family who live in a remote village in China's south-western province of Szechwan, use neither firewood nor charcoal to cook their meals. Instead they have two mud rings. Pao Su-yuan's wife turns a tap, strikes a match, and a blue flame appears. There is no trace of smoke and the meal is quickly cooked.

The Pao family is using marsh gas produced in a sealed stone fermentation pit in their own courtyard and conducted by a plastic pipe to the mud rings. The Paos drop crop residues, weeds, tree leaves and barn-yard manure (gobar) into the pit which has a volume of 10.8 cubic metres, and add water. When this mixture ferments the gas produced can be used for lighting as well as cooking. A marsh gas lamp lighting the Pao family's home is as bright as a 100-watt electric bulb. The fermented compost is regularly removed from the pit for use as fertilizer.

In Szechwan there are now four to five hundred thousand gas generating pits serving peasant households, and commune members in other provinces are beginning to install similar pits.

Rings for cooking may be made of mud, stone, pottery, porcelain, iron, and even discarded food tins or paint containers. As for lighting, there are hanging lamps, desk lamps and multi-purpose fittings which can be used for both cooking and lighting.

Bigger pits can turn out enough methane gas to drive small internal combustion engines, water pumps, rice threshers, flour mills and electric generators.

Production of this new fuel frees the peasants from collecting firewood or carrying coal and increases the available quantity of organic fertilizer. Using marsh gas also releases coal and kerosene for industrial use, and part of the crop residues formerly used as fuel is now processed for fodder.

Experiments are being carried out to improve the composition of the materials used and to select and propagate bacterial strains that assist fermentation, so as to increase gas production and maintain normal fermentation during cold winter months. Methods have been worked out to achieve normal year-round marsh gas production in Hunan in northeast China, where winter temperatures drop to 30 degrees Celsius below zero and where there is ice for half the year.

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### AUSTRALIANS TO INSTALL

#### 3,000 GENERATORS

Australia is to install 3,000 electricity generators, powered by the wind, near the southern and western coasts of the island continent. The power-generating windmills are expected to supply 20,000,000 megawatts annually, amounting to two-thirds of the energy needs of the states of Western Australia, South Australia and Victoria.

#### —UNESCO FEATURES



## ALGERIA BUILDS

## FIRST SOLAR-POWERED VILLAGE

**A**LTHOUGH endowed with oil and natural gas, Algeria is pushing ahead in exploiting alternative energy sources. An original experiment using an "integrated approach", is due to start soon on the high plateaus some 200 km south of Algiers, where, by the end of 1982, the entire energy needs of a village of 1,500 people are to be met by solar and other renewable energy sources.

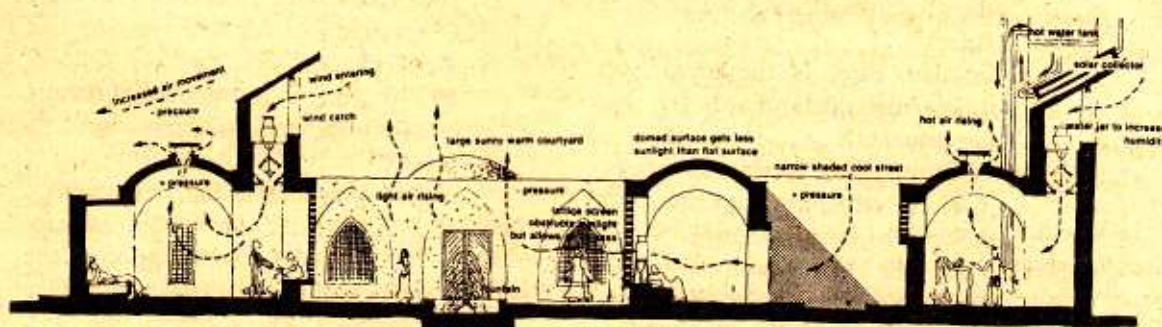
The "solar village", which is being built near Bou Saada, is one of the 1,000 "Socialist Villages" the authorities are constructing to provide better housing for the country's rural population, offering it the kind of amenities that are drawing people to the cities.

This "integrated solar village" is the first such village to be built anywhere from the ground up. Each particular activity is intended to contribute to a chain of activities that are self-generating, low in cost and low in waste.

It is not just a matter of putting solar collectors on roofs; the project aims at closely linking the life of the village community to the application of solar energy, making the best use of local building materials, recycling water and solid wastes and producing biogas.

Traditional Algerian building lends itself to the designer's goal because it takes advantage of natural heating and cooling. Houses are built with thick walls that keep out the heat, with many small, latticed windows that admit breeze but shut out glare, and with interior fountains that cool the air.

Design and construction of the village is being supervised by ONRS, the Algerian National Scientific Research Organization. Also participating is the United Nations University which specializes in research into Third World problems.





A young friend of mine recently said that when he finished school he was going to get enough money to buy a petrol station. What with the price of petrol constantly rising ...he was sure he'd end up a very wealthy man!

Well, I was sorry to tell him right away, that in India most petrol stations were owned by The Oil Companies and that the Managers of Petrol Stations were only dealers. Nonetheless, he was determined that this was a good place

to make money, so I sent him off to have a chat with the nearest Petrol station manager.

Why don't you go, too? Of course, you may not want to sell petrol for the rest of your life, but its a very interesting place, all the same.

Here are some questions to get you started. Do introduce yourself first. ... make sure that the manager has time, otherwise make an appointment.

Asking Is Learning

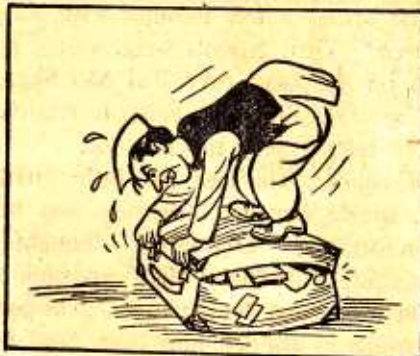
## What Can You Learn From A Petrol Station?



- I.
  - a) Which Oil Company leases this station to you?
  - b) I know that all Oil Companies are nationalized. Does that mean the Government sets the price of Petrol?
  - c) In that case, is the profit you make also determined by the Government?
  - d) With the sharp increase in prices, in recent years, has your profit per gallon also been increased?
  - e) Since the Company owns this station, does it pay for all the expenses like repair of pumps, electricity and water expenses, uniforms for the employees, etc.?
- II.
  - a) If petrol prices are standard, then what do you do to attract people to your station? Is it by providing services like Air and cleaning free of charge?
  - b) Do you have mechanics to fix minor problems with cars, scooters, etc.?
  - c) Can you handle major repairs?
- III.
  - a) I notice that you sell ice-cream too. Yet the Petrol Station at the other end of town sells cold drinks, cigarettes, bread, eggs, *pan*, etc.



- ...all from a small shop in his compound. Does he pay rent to the Oil Company for that? Why don't you sell other things, too?
- b) Does this 'shop' help to bring more business for petrol?
  - c) Are there any problems involved in running a 'shop'?
  - d) Do you have to get a special licence to sell things other than petrol?
- IV. a) How many pumps do you have?
- b) Do you sell petrol as well as diesel?
  - c) What is the difference between them?
  - d) My friend said that his family's Mercedes needed a special kind of petrol that they couldn't get in Poona?
  - e) Why and how is it different from the petrol that our Ambassador will run on?
- V. a) Where do you store your supplies of petrol?
- b) How many thousands of gallons do you have to stock?
  - c) What safety precautions do you have to take since you have so much explosive material around you?
- VI. a) Is there any official inspection from the Government to ensure that you observe safety regulations?
- b) Is there a check to ensure that your pumps measure petrol correctly so that the public isn't cheated?
- VII. a) How many people do you employ?
- b) Do they need any special skills or can they learn the work on the job?
- VIII. Can one make a good living by just running a Petrol Station, or should one also be involved in another business venture?





water, the television lights and the joyous pain of effort.

'Coffee—or perhaps something soft to drink?' The stewardess glanced at the sleeping Chinese next to him and lowered her voice. He thanked her and took a coke. She did not move on, however, but leant to whisper confidentially: 'You're Jason, aren't you? I'm Sue. You're travelling alone—I wonder if you'd help us and spend a few minutes with those two children?' 'Their parents were injured in a car crash on the road over Tai Mo Shan three days ago. They're going home to relatives, and they're feeling very much alone.'

'Of course'. He met the little girl's wary look. Beside her the little boy was fidgeting uncomfortably. 'Oh, God,' thought Jason, 'He's going to be sick.' His heart sank a little.

'There's a seat beside them,' whispered the stewardess as she led him over, 'and here are some picture books. Will you read them something?'

'All right,' he agreed without enthusiasm. He felt that this wasn't exactly the job for him—more a girl's—but he'd promised.

'Wonderful,' Sue smiled her thanks and moved on, and with a sigh he settled into the seat and looked down to meet the inspection of the little girl. He put on rather a strained smile: 'What's your name?'

'Margaret.'

'And your brother's?'

'John. What's your name?'

'Jason.'

'Now,' he went on briskly, 'Let's see what there is to read.'

He opened the first picture book, *A Tale of a Tiger*, and his heart sank further. He looked round furtively; suppose anyone saw him with this stuff! But he'd promised....

\* \* \*

'Captain—Captain Chisholm.'

Forward on the flight deck the Captain looked up as the stewardess touched his shoulder.

'Yes, what is it?' He looked from her pale face to the man behind her, a man who bowed formally but whose hand held the razor edge of a scalpel to the stewardess's neck. Behind him the woman, also with a fractional bow, zipped open a blue plastic airline bag, and showed the Captain a slap of pale, putty-like material. Captain Chisholm's eyes fastened on the slab, the cork-shaped, cottony-white plug embedded in it, the glint of a detonator and short lengths of wiring connected to one end of a series of torch batteries. Below the delicately plucked eyebrows the narrowed brown eyes were hard as stone.

The Captain drew a long breath of resignation and nodded. The man leant forward to the control column, and flicked the radio transmission switch above the Captain's left thumb back to 'Intercom'. With a warning gesture of the scalpel he indicated: 'Do not transmit', then handed him a sheet of paper inscribed in Japanese ideographs, with below them, typed in English capitals, 'FLY BEARING 180'. The Captain sighed and passed it to his co-pilot, who had been scrutinizing the bag of explosives dangling some inches from his left ear. He gave a slight shrug of acceptance and set the new course.

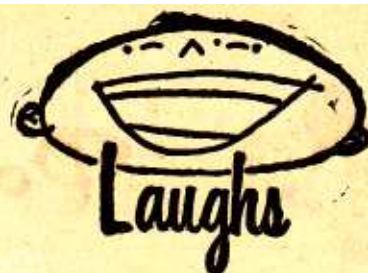
Back in the tourist cabin Jason felt the big aircraft bank and turn, looked out of the window and saw the cloud swing slowly round. 'Bangkok already?' They'd be stacking up, probably waiting for ground clearance. He settled back in his seat without much interest. Next to him the Chinese still slept, but in front one of the English passengers was looking out of a window and saying something to his neighbour, and they compared watches. He pressed the call-button and when no stewardess appeared, pressed it again, looking round back down the long gangway. Then the door from the first-class compartment opened and Sue appeared. He held up an arm, 'Miss, we've changed course...'

She forced a smile: 'The Captain will be making an announcement,' and hurried aft.

 34



Framed motto over Teacher's desk,  
 My Three-fold Task—  
 To tell you what I'm going to teach you  
 To teach you  
 Then ask you to tell me what I taught you.



The Sunday School Teacher asked: When did Moses live? After the silence had become painful she ordered:

"Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered: Moses 4000"

"Now," said the teacher, "Why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."

Mr. Cama took his niece to the ballet. The little girl watched the ballerinas on tiptoe for a while, then turned to her uncle and asked, "Why don't they just get taller girls, uncle?"

A school-teacher had found her class of boys reluctant to write an English composition. At last she thought of a great idea to stimulate their interest—to write an account of a football game.

It seemed she was successful. With one exception, the boys threw themselves at the task. Rajan thought for a while, chewed reluctantly at his pen and was then struck by a burst of genius. When the teacher opened his paper, it read: "Rain, no game."

Wife: Do you realize, dear, that it was twenty-five years ago today that we became engaged?

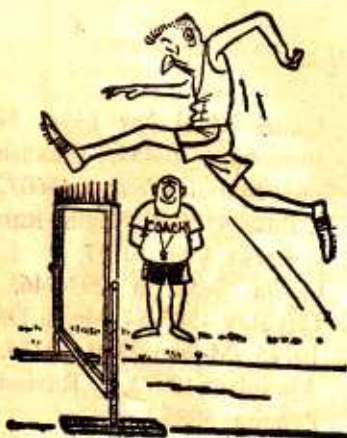
Absent-minded Professor: Twenty-five years! Bless my soul! You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married."

Magistrate: What gave you the impression that the prisoner was worse for drink?

Policeman: Well, sir, he was engaged in a heated argument with a taxi driver.

Magistrate: But that doesn't prove anything.

Policeman: Well, sir, there was no taxi driver there at all.



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# Points Winners

(March 1980)

## BIRTHDAY CARD CONTEST

- 5 Points:** Manisha Marwaha 10784, Nirja M. Sheth 6561/22.
- 4 Points:** Sandeep Gupta 10796.
- 3 Points:** Geeta Desai 10672, Rashmi Jain 9587/25, Rohit Sanghvi 10081.
- 2 Points:** Pramod Acharya 10409, Gauri Mankekar 6331.
- 1 Point:** Mohan Dutt 10774, Arup R. Basu 4121/3, Prisca Pereira 6561/12, Parvez A. Siddiqui 10303, Dipti Trivedi 6561/14, Vikram Mehtani 10670, Saparna Pai 6561/19, Arvind Mehta 511/3, Jitendra Jain 511/4.

## SUNSHINE-EAGLE FLASK QUIZ CONTEST

### FAMOUS FAMILIES

**1st Prize:** VIJAYANTA KAPIL, 5807, Fertilizer City, A.P.

**2nd Prize:** VINAY KHANDELWAL, 9475, Calcutta

**3rd Prize:** TINA LYNN, 6436 Poona

- 4 Points:** Malini Panchapagesan 1057/3, Pawan Biyani 5810.
- 3 Points:** Pulak Mukherjee 977/38, Suresh Gopinath 6188, Rohit Sanghvi 10081, Milan Chatterjee 8756, K. Ravi 10350, Nandini Ganguly 4585/23, Geeta Dhingra 10758, Parvez A. Siddiqui 10303.
- 2 Points:** Gauri Mankekar 6331, Navanita Borgohain 10454, Prakash Peres 9663, Marian D'Sylva 4860/2, Arup R. Basu 4121/3, Nagini Ram 6268/3, Leesa John 10757.
- 1 Point:** Lavita Sequeira 2934/46, Sandip Das Ray 4585/54, Meera Dayanidhi 10175, Mohan Dutt 10774, Rajesh Ajwani 10072, Ravinder K. Pandita 5885.



## INDIAN

Nitin Bhatt (b 13)  
C/o D. C. Bhatt  
M-35 A, Malviya Nagar  
NEW DELHI 110 017  
Cricket, pop music, reading

Arvind Mehta (b 12)  
Mohan Textiles  
203 D. K. Lane  
Chickpet Cross  
BANGALORE 560 053  
Cricket, swimming, movies

Seema Deodhar (g 13)  
E-21, Port Colony  
Kandla Port  
KANDLA, Kutch, Guj.  
Reading, music, cricket

Rohit Bedi (b 14)  
House No. 10538,  
Ward No. 6  
Near Anaj Mandi P. O.  
AMBALA CITY (Haryana)  
Stamps, boxing, cricket

Sarabjeet Gajwani (b 14)  
Convent of Jesus and Mary  
Std. IX  
121, Staff Road  
AMBALA CANTT,  
Haryana  
Judo, cricket, reading

Pravin M. Kakdiya (b 16)  
19, Jain Vidyarthi Gruh  
Jayesh Colony, Fatheganj  
BARODA, Guj.  
Penfriends, reading, research

Harshad Jain (b 14)  
Ganesh Bhavan  
Opp. Anaj Mandi P.O.  
AMBALA CITY, Haryana.  
Haryana  
Cricket, music, coins



pen  
friends

Tempo Tashi (b 14)  
Enchey School  
GANGTOK, Sikkim  
Reading, sketching, corres-  
pondence

Jitendra Jain (b 14)  
M. Arvind Kumar  
No. 22, Devatha Market  
Chickpet,  
BANGALORE 360 053  
Cricket, swimming, reading..

Debjani Mukherjee (g 14)  
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Civil Lines  
AGRA 282 002, U.P.  
Reading, music

Shahid Parvez (b 15)  
C/o 'Mahco' Sect No. 5  
L.J.H.P. New Ushkara  
Colony  
BARAMULLA 193 101  
KASHMIR  
Stamps, movies, penfriends

Tenneti Vijaysurya (b 12)  
Kaiser-Bungalow No. 2  
Kadma Sonary Link  
JAMSHEDPUR 831 005  
Bihar  
Swimming, cycling, travelling

Piyush De (b 14)  
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Western music, reading, pen-  
friends

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(b 15)

M.P. Emporium  
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775, Jawahar Gunj  
JABALPUR, M.P.  
Reading, cricket, football

## FOREIGN

Seema Thapa (g 14)  
Rima Thapa (g 13)

Both from:  
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By the galley the second stewardess and the bar steward sat very quietly in their seats, with beside them in the galley the second Japanese woman and the two remaining men. One was opening out a packet of explosive while the other, neatly and carefully, was making it up into smaller packages, each with a cork-shaped cottony white primer, then shredding open the cigarettes in his case to reveal slim shiny detonators which he inserted into the primers. Finally he took a length of insulated wire from beneath the belt round his trousers, snipped it into 12-inch lengths and wired the detonators to paired torch batteries. He worked steadily, absorbed in his task, not lifting his head when over the intercom came the Captain's voice: 'I have an important announcement for all passengers'.

'Please pay careful attention.' The voice was matter-of-fact and impersonal. 'This aircraft has been taken over by armed men and I am now under their orders. I will follow these implicitly, and everything possible will be done to ensure the safety of all on board. Please remain in your seats as far as possible, with your safety belts fastened. I will keep you full informed of all developments. Thank you.'

(to be continued)

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26. OGRE 27. RURAL 28. NH 29. STRIPE  
33. WIT 34. YELL AT

##### DOWN:

1. SUPERLATIVES 2. TABLETS 3. WATER-MELLON 4. ELEPHANT 5. ASPS 8. PANT  
11. SIAM TRAIL 12. & 25. ALTER 14. SOW  
16. REPLY 18. & 23. NOVELIST 19. AE  
20. EIGHTY 24. VAULT 25. ER 30. RE 31. & 32. PLEA

#### REVERSIBLE PAIRS

1. taps—spat; 2. pans—snap; 3. gums—smug; 4. pals—slap; 5. bats—stab; 6. rats—star; 7. raps—spar; 8. tops—spot; 9. nips—spin; 10. pins—snip; 11. tips—spit; 12. pots—stop; 13. pets—step; 14. nuts—stun; 15. news—Swen; 16. paws—swap.

#### CLOSING THOUGHT

I set out to find  
a friend, but couldn't  
find one; I set out to  
be a friend, and friends  
were everywhere.

